



## Things we get to keep by Psychodeliczna

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**Summary:** Steve breaks up with Billy because Billy destroys everything he touches and he has finally realised that. Or at least, that's what Billy thinks. Steve shows him how loving relationships actually work.

## Things we get to keep

Billy Hargrove breaks things.

That's just a fact of life. Billy breaks things when he is angry or sad or happy. He breaks even more things when he is scared. He broke more things than he could count (hell, he broke Steve's *face* ) and would break things in the future. He knew who he was. He knew that it was the reason why he didn't deserve nice things.

But *fuck* if he didn't try not to screw this one up.

He had this *thing* with Steve for three months. He never predicted their fragile truce could turn into something akin to friendship and then into *more*, more than Billy ever dared to hope for . He wouldn't even try to categorize it. It wasn't a relationship (he wasn't fucking naive) but not quite just fucking either. Dating? Billy wasn't a fucking dating material. So he doesn't know what it is *exactly* but it was something that Billy really didn't want to screw up. Like he screws up everything he fucking touches.

But he fucking tried, okay? He bit his tongue until he tasted blood, he smiled instead of sneering, he acted...civil, which is more than he could ever say about himself. But it didn't change the fact that Billy's *nice* was still everybody else's *asshole*.

So he knew that this thing with a fucking Mother of Six couldn't last. That he would do something that would fuck it all up, that would make Steve realise that it was all a mistake. He came into this knowing that it had an expiration date.

So he expected this.

It still hurt like a bitch.

Billy took a long drag of his cigarette trying to calm himself, tapping the fingers of his other hand on the hood of his Camaro. He could take this. There were worse things than being dumped after 3 months of not-relationship.

(He wasn't sure if there were worse things than being dumped by Steve )

He closed his eyes, pinching the bridge of his nose until it hurt. He couldn't help but replay their argument in his head. Why couldn't he just shut up or stay calm like a normal fucking person? It turned out to be stupid fucking study date. But when he saw Nancy fucking Wheeler opening the door - the girl that made Steve look like a sick, kicked puppy for *months* - he was just so fucking sure...

He had every right to screw her, they weren't even fucking exclusive.

(Even though Billy was and hated himself for hoping Steve would be too)

But with Nancy right there he couldn't bite his tongue, couldn't pretend to smile, so he turned around. Like a coward he was. Steve shouldn't have ran after him. Maybe if he didn't, they wouldn't have had the argument and Billy wouldn't be waiting by the quarry, going through the last of his cigs, waiting for Steve to come and dump him.

He threw away the butt and moved his fingers in search for another but found the pack empty.

"Fuck!" he cursed, throwing it away. Not satisfied in his anger he kicked a tire of his car with all the force he could manage and punched the hood repeatedly.

He practically jumped away when he heard the sound of Steve's BMW nearing. He took several calming breaths and put his hands in his pockets for fear of them shaking. He watched as the car stopped, his whole body tensing the way it always did when Neil called his name.

(Maybe Harrington would punch him for calling Nancy a bitch. He probably deserved it.)

Steve came out of his car, wearing shades and his team jacket, hair perfect as ever. Billy's hand flexed inside his pocket, he wasn't sure if he wanted to run his fingers through it or punch him. He couldn't do either so he kept them put.

"Harrington" Billy called out when he saw him approaching, in what

he hoped was a casual tone.

Steve grimaced.

"Billy." He greeted.

The boy in question slowly took off his glasses, a look of determination visible in those brown eyes. He crossed his arms, staring straight at Billy who flexed his jaw nervously. An uncomfortable silence fell, one that only prolonged the inevitable. Billy felt like throwing up but steeled himself, bringing a comfortable sneer to his lips. He just wanted to deal with this, go to the nearest liquor store and get too drunk to remember his own name.

"Can you get on with this, some of us have places to be," he stated, voice flat even to his own ears. Though, he supposed, he should be proud of himself that it wasn't shaking.

"Fine." Steve huffed and ran his fingers through his perfectly styled hair, utterly destroying it. He didn't seem to care. "What happened last night was not okay, Billy. I understand how you feel but the way you acted... We can't go on like nothing happened. We really need to-"

"Break up."

"-talk about tru...Wait what?" Steve's eyes went incredibly wide, his mouth hanging open slightly. Billy would have found it humorous if not for the fact that his throat started tightening and he had to fight to keep his breath even. Meanwhile all of Steve's composure seemed to have left him. "Why would we break up?" he asked, his voice higher.

Billy crossed his arms, averting his gaze, feeling the familiar prickling behind his eyelids. He was not going to let Harrington see him cry like a little bitch.

"Because of last night." he forced out through gritted teeth.

He visibly flinched when he felt Harrington's hands on his cheeks yet he still allowed his head to be guided in the boy's direction. He wasn't expecting to see glistening eyes and pure fear painted on

Steve's face.

"What about last night?" Oh, and his voice was definitely shaking as he drew small circles on Billy's skin. "Because if you want to break up because of *Nancy*- Nothing happened between us, nothing will ever happen. Baby, I promise you, we're just friends, I wouldn't lie to you like that"

That stirred something inside Billy and his heart clenched while his mind filled with confusion.

"I don't want to break up." he replied without thinking, his voice smaller than he intended. He swallowed, leaning into the touch against his better judgement. "But the fight... I thought you wanted..."

Steve's face twisted. He shook his head, stepping closer and closer until he was just a breath away.

"Baby, no, no, shit, I'm so sorry, I should have known better than to leave you in the dark like that. We're **not** breaking up." he spoke gently, wiping away the tears Billy didn't even know he shed.

Billy frowned, thoughts going a mile a minute. He pulled back suddenly, all of him screaming it's a trick even though Steve had no reason to lie. He felt as if he had a panicked bird in his chest trying to claw outside.

"Aren't you angry?" Billy didn't understand. His brain failed him. What was the catch? Why didn't he want to break up? Did he want to talk about leaving their *thing* open? Billy didn't know if he could handle that-

"Billy, hey, hey, *breathe* ." He felt Steve's hand on his and only then he realised it was clinging to Steve's jacket. He let go of it. "I was angry and, maybe, I still am a little but..." Steve smiled a little, lacing their fingers together. "Billy I... " He sighed. "I like you I want *you* , not Nancy or anyone else. I'm not going to break up with you just because we had a fight."

As if to prove his point, Steve leaned in and kissed him, slowly,

gently, and so so lovingly and Billy felt something inside him shatter. He let out a sob (Pathetic, pathetic, *pathetic*) and let himself be embraced, clinging to Steve for dear life as if that would silence his thoughts.

"I'm sorry, " he croaked out but it was muffled by Steve's jacket. He breathed in the smell of cologne and Farah Fawcett spray, and *Steve* and felt himself tensing as he tried to stop another sob from escaping. He squeezed him tighter, hiding his face further.

"I know, baby, I know, it's okay," With Steve's words came soft soothing hands on his back and even softer kisses to the side of Billy's head and he closed his eyes overwhelmed with the amount of *feeling* that overtook him. "It's okay, you've got me"

Never, not even once, in his life did Billy feel as if he could actually keep something without it breaking. But with Steve like this, whispering sweet nothings into his hair, pressing gentle touches over his scars, he thinks that maybe, if he tries hard enough, he might be able to keep this.